

Sen. Buckley Slates FAA Meeting

At least tentatively, there will be a meeting among officials of area towns, Federal Aeronautic Administration (FAA) representatives and possibly Massport officials as well at Norwell Town Hall, probably the evening of Thursday, Jan. 25 on flight patterns at Logan Airport.

Charles Sweeney, liaison officer for State Senator Anna Buckley of Brockton, who under redistricting, now represents Norwell succeeding Senator Allan McKinnon, is making arrangements for the meeting.

Purpose of the meeting is to consider environmental assessments in noise factors on the communities stemming from flight pattern changes which have been undergoing tests for several weeks resulting in complaints by residents of a number of area communities.

Selectmen only three weeks ago directed their concerns to Beacon Hill resulting in Senator Buckley's action.

Executive Secretary David Hughes pointed out that the FAA has recommended going to Massport within a 30-day hearing period to seek relief.

McKinnon On Cushing School Board

Senator Allan McKinnon recently was chosen as a member of the Board of Directors of the Cardinal Cushing School and Training Center in Hanover.

Senator McKinnon described the Cardinal Cushing Center as "one of the best and most effective schools in the country because of the exceptional concern, generosity and dedication of all those associated with the school."

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A New Kind Of 'Bowl' Game

By Lois Martin

Home Repair may prove to be a sport worthy of inclusion in New Year's Day bowl games.

I submit this provocative thought based on recent experience. Few wives, I among them, can bear to see a husband sprawled on a couch in front of the television New Year's Day. Most of us choose to write thank-you notes instead of whooping it up for some college team throughout the day.

We naturally assume our husbands would appreciate an option, too. It was in this spirit Jan. 1 that I chose to mention the drip from the faucet in the upstairs bathtub. Knowing how busy he was during the earlier holiday, I ignored the dratted dribbling flow. But New Year's Day each drop of water seemed to pound on the tub below.

I knew he'd want to do something about it. The Rose Bowl Tournament of Roses Parade looked fine in passing, but it was interminable, in spite of Michael Landon's brilliant smile and bright chatter with a bevy of beauties.

The compliant old boy headed up to take a look at the offending faucet. With him went the equipment for the sport - his tool chest, enough wrenches to justify an entire 'Tidey' Bowl if need be. Within minutes he was seen flying down the stairs to shut off the water. The drip had evolved into a broken off faucet - the cold water one.

Quick to respond, he arranged other household faucets in such a manner as to avoid expansion, which he later said would have avoided a rush of water inspired by the still-on hot water tank. I didn't understand. But then I don't know my football bowls either. Still as the pretty people described endless flower floats in Pasadena, my favorite plumber sought to avoid a float in Marshfield.

I donned my comfortable robe, sprawled on my bed to have a re-gance at the paper and turned down the television just as Joe Paterno and the boys roared onto the football field in the Superdome. Seconds later roaring began in our arena in response to a flood of water that ran through the living room ceiling to the piano keyboard below.

The plumber demanded to know WHO had turned off the faucet left on to prevent the falls. Well, what's a wife for if not to tend the little things a busy man forgets, like turning off running water? My goodness, let a little water run and you'd think the Patriots plane was hijacked.



As we spread papers, buckets, sopping towels throughout the house, Bear Bryant showed Penn State who was boss and the rhinestone vested junior petite cheerleaders jumped up and down unceasingly.

The water rush abated in our bowl: peace was established and residents were told they could use the shower if they stood way back in the tub and turned on the cold water faucet with pliers, propped handily on the hamper nearby.

The necessary stuff that would prevent leaking had yet to be applied...Because when I went into the kitchen, I noticed water leaking under the sink. Michigan State and Southern California were about to go at it. And at home our water bowl game also shifted with the tool chest moving from the bathroom to the kitchen.

That particular problem apparently stemmed from a large hole in an adjoining pipe under the sink. Thus, when the dishwasher sent forth its used water, the pipe did the same into the kitchen.

A new alarm was issued. Don't turn on or off the faucets, even with pliers. Signs were made to this effect, in an effort to restrain heedless people and forestall yet another debate about whose fault it was when water poured into the cellar from the kitchen.

As night fell, so did beleaguered football players and hobbyist plumbers. While few stayed up for the final lugging off the field on shoulders, our head wrenchman headed for the far end of the shower, plumb tuckered out.

A bowl day'll do that to you. I know that. You don't have to hit me over the head with a bag of bolts to make an impression. That's why when I noticed the doorknob on the hall closet wouldn't turn, I didn't mention it. The way things were going we'd have ended up with no doors.

Besides I can save that for another time. Probably by Super Bowl Day he'll be casting about for a change from plumbing.

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